Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh

Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armad*
dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if th
firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will ch
other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhe

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart,
and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the w
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take e

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, an

Enter Pomp

Clow. I *Pompey am.*

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I *Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on k

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I *Pompey am, Pompey ſ*

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſu*
That oft in field, with Targe and
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauelling along this coaſt, I
And lay my Armes before the leg
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thanke

La. Great thankes great *Pomp*

Clow. Tis not ſo much worth
made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pom

Enter Curate fo

Curat. When in the world I liu'd,
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South,
My Scutcheon plaine declares tha

Boyet. Your noſe ſayes no, yo
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this